

During all this time, not a quarrel, some word occurred between him and any of his neighbors; and yet all knew that it was from no lack of courage on the part of Hill, for of all the hunters that pierced the jungles of came in the "Great Swamp," or descended by torchlight into the bowels of the Ozark Mountains, he had the reputation of being the most fearless. He was overwhelmingly elected again and again to the Territorial Legislature, and distinguished himself by his powerful and impassioned eloquence, and speedily became a leader in the ranks of the Convention which formed the State Constitution, and was selected to represent his county in the Senate of Arkansas.

And now began his second series of misfortunes. Hill's most intimate neighbors were the Strongs, four brothers of considerable wealth, a great deal of ambition, and in the phrase of the country, "famous fighters." A close and cordial intimacy grew up between them and Hill, and the latter, most unfortunately and unguardedly, made George, the eldest, a confidant of his previous history. It so happened that George had a most ambitious desire for political distinction, and made a request of Hill that he should resign his seat in the Senate in his favor. Hill refused, and the brothers conspired to revenge.

Sending to North Carolina, they procured a copy of the reward offered for Nixon Curry, the notorious robber. The four, powerful and determined as they were, dared not attempt his capture alone, but secured the assistance of a dozen men, and made the attempt to capture Hill in his own house. The latter never forgot his daily peril. He always carried an enormous double-barreled shot gun, two long rifle pistols, and a formidable knife. Arkansas has never been noted as a peaceably inclined State, and in those days its population numbered a greater per cent. of desperadoes and lawless men than it does at the present.

The attack of the Strongs proved a dreadful one for themselves. Two of the brothers were shot dead, while six of the others were badly wounded, several of them mortally, when the rest of them were glad to withdraw for the time. This affair caused the most unbounded excitement throughout Arkansas. The thought that the chivalrous and highly popular John Hill could be identical with the notorious robber Nixon Curry was staggering to hundreds—Many for a time refused to believe it.

Perhaps the state of public feeling can best be shown by the two following extracts from the *Little Rock Gazette*. The first appeared when Hill became so popular during the days of the Convention.

"Among the truest friends of the people of all in the present Convention may be named John Hill, of St. Francis. His energy, eloquence and courage fully entitle him to the place he holds, and, as we trust, will long retain—hat of the leader of the Arkansas Democracy."

The second extract is taken from the same paper for May, 1840:

"BLOODY AFFRAY.—A desperate encounter occurred in St. Francis last week. Two distinguished citizens were killed, and three others dangerously wounded. The difficulty resulted from an attempt to arrest John Hill, a member of the last Legislature, and formerly of the State Convention, who, as it is alleged, is the notorious robber, Nixon Curry, who committed such atrocities fifteen years ago in the mountains of North Carolina."

A requisition was sent by the Governor of North Carolina demanding the surrender of Nixon Curry. The Governor of Arkansas published an additional reward for the arrest of John Hill; and thus between the two it seemed as if it was all over with the victim.

Hill packed up hastily, and set out with his wife and children for Upper Arkansas, where he knew of the existence of a band of desperadoes that he had reason to believe would protect him. He was pursued by over a hundred of the citizens, many of them unarmed, and attending only for the purpose of witnessing the sport and securing a part of the munificent reward that was offered for his apprehension. Hill was overtaken at Conway Court House by these men, and halting his wagon, and admonishing his wife and children to keep their places, he marched forth with his death-dealing gun.

The gallantry of the action, and Hill's incredible bravery, operated in his favor. Many were unwilling to hurt so intrepid a character; others were afraid a panic was created, and Hill pursued his way unmolested.

Subsequent attempts were made to arrest him, but all resulted tragically or ludicrously to those attempting it. It was known that Hill could never be taken alive, and many began to believe that he could not be dead also.

The constant pursuit and hunting him changed his nature. He became morose and sour, and unable to follow any regular business. He resorted to the gambling table for the support of his family. He became a drinker, too, and was speedily transformed into a most bitter and quarrelsome opponent.

If Hill had been famous among the mountains of North Carolina, he now became doubly so. Excepting, perhaps, that prince of duelists, James Bowie, there never was a man who inspired more terror. Men who had acquired a wide reputation for deeds of daring, turned pale when they encountered John Hill. Bullies who sought quarrels on the slightest pretext accepted all manner of insults from him, without a single word of remonstrance.

One day in September, 1845, while he was seated at the breakfast table, Hill burst into tears.

"What is the matter, my dear?" inquired his wife.

"I have had a dreadful dream. It is a warning. I know I shall die before sunset. Together we have encountered perils and hardships; you abandoned wealth and position for my sake, and you have never spoken an unkind word to me. We have loved from childhood, and that love has never known abatement. It is this that troubles me—not regard for self. It is indelibly impressed upon my mind that I shall die a horrible death before sunset, and the thought that it will distress you, also distresses me."

These were the exact words of Hill, as testified by his wife and children. His wife told him—

"Then, my dear husband, do not go to court to-day."

(The Circuit Court of Pope County, in which Hill resided, it should be remarked, was then in session.)

"Yes, my wife, I must go," he replied, "when a man's time has come he should not seek to avoid death, but meet it bravely." Then turning to his son William, a bright boy of thirteen years, he told him to go and get the Bible, and upon it he made him swear to kill the man who killed his father.

"Here comes Moses Howard, father; he will protect you," remarked Mary, the eldest daughter, as she desisted the young man approaching.

The youth, who was a fine, powerful-looking man, chatted a few minutes with the family, and then went out with Hill, who shaved and dressed himself with particular neatness, and embraced his wife with the warmest affection, and with tears in his eyes, before leaving.

As soon as the two reached town, Hill began drinking deeply, and showed a more quarrelsome disposition than ever. He insulted everybody that crossed his path, and all the entreaties of the young man failed to pacify him. Finally he declared that he would clear the court house, and dashed into the court room with fury depicted in his countenance. Judges, lawyers, jury, spectators, all made a rush for the door. One man who lagged behind was seized by Hill and beaten unmercifully.

Young Howard caught hold of the infuriated man, and attempted to restrain him, when, glaring like a tiger, he turned upon the youth, and struck him to the earth. Before he could rise, Hill sprang on him, and commenced pounding him.

"For God's sake, stop, Hill! Don't you know me, your friend—Howard?"

Hill seemed to grow more furious each moment, and finally clutched a pistol, determined to take his friend's life. Howard seeing the crisis had come, seized the bowie knife that protruded from his vest and buried it in his bosom.

"The dream is fulfilled!" exclaimed Hill, with smile of sweetness that lingered on his naturally handsome face after he was a corpse. He then died without a groan.

Howard looked down into his face, as if unable to realize what he had done. Then he burst into tears.

"God knows I would not have done it if I could have helped it, but it was either your life or mine."

He turned away with a gloomy air, and upon the instant disappeared. He was never seen in Arkansas again, but several years after a trader brought the news that he was living at San Antonio, Texas.

Were we writing fiction, we should here lay aside the pen; but as we are giving facts simply, which can be substantiated, duty compels us to add another incident before this tragical tale is ended.

It will be remembered that Hill enquired upon his son to avenge his death. Faithfully did that son obey the command. When he had reached his sixteenth year he left for Texas. He was gone several months. When he returned, he said to his mother:

"It is done, mother! Poor Howard! I pitied him, but I had to do it."

Vermont Daily Transcript.

ST. ALBANS, VT.:

FRIDAY AUGUST 7, 1868.

Principles not Men.

Men are temporary structures upon the face of the earth, with poor titles, even to their own existence, while principles are immortal and endure for ever. Principles enter into the fabric of government and are the sure foundations upon which every Republican form of government is based. Men are valuable Statesmen and officers of the government in proportion as they accept these principles and adopt them as the rules of their political lives. A beautiful man, a smooth tongued man, a rich or poor man cannot fill his position in the construction of the government to the satisfaction of the people whom he serves, unless he acts in harmony with the principles upon which the government is founded, and has the moral courage under all circumstances to swerve not a particle from the right.

A Statesman is one thing, a selfish politician is lamentably another. While the valuable Statesman endeavours to learn the truth and know the right, and so to adopt the rules of right in their bearings upon the people that all shall be protected and made contented, a selfish politician seeks only his own personal aggrandizement at the expense of the rights of the people. A politician would only desire to know how he may best tickle the fancy of the people where he resides, for the time being, or to adopt the prejudices of the powerful in opposition to right, that he may ride into authority. Such a man is of about as much consequence in maintaining a government founded upon principle, or in defending the principles upon which it is constructed, as a silly pop would be in attempting to construct a locomotive to work in harmony with the natural principles of philosophy, or in operating it after it should be constructed.

What the people want is, to support men who dare to be men; men who are not biased or controlled by prejudice, but who will defend the right and correct principles, and see that even the poorest and humblest of men may be secured in the enjoyment of their natural privileges. Such men, so far as our personal acquaintance extends, have been nominated upon the Republican ticket for County Officers and we urge every member of the republican party to support them. It is all important to avoid dissensions and unite upon the men in the defence of these principle.

There are hundreds of other men in Franklin County equally as good perhaps as those whom we have put in nomination but we cannot support them as against our ticket; these are good men and the ticket is completed with their names; we cannot add to, nor take from,

the nominations and with the ticket must stand or fall. In the view we now take of this matter, and it is the highest which can be taken, we support the ticket because it was nominated in a convention which we in part composed,—it was an expression of the will of the majority fairly obtained, or as fairly obtained as we may ever expect to reach in a public assembly, and it sustains principles which there is no other way to defend than to yield to the ticket our cordial support.

We think we take the only correct view of the matter, and would urge the importance of unitedly supporting the nominations, upon every member of the Republican party, and also of those of whatever party, who believe in the inalienable rights of man.

Correspondence.

The Mechanic in Trouble.

EDITORS TRANSCRIPT:

The first impressions made by *Madame Fenian*, are not always reliable, as my newspaper acquaintance with you has abundantly proved. I have written you twice in relation to the paper-mill at St. Albans; you saw fit to publish both letters but up to this time, you have made no reply in any manner satisfactory to myself. I had every inducement to believe that I should be treated honorably, and yet after some considerable time had elapsed you only saw fit to mention my visit to St. Albans in an editorial notice, concerning a paper-mill enterprise somewhere in Ohio. What do you suppose I care for the paper-mills of Ohio, or what relation my visit had to them, I cannot discover. The allusion was far fetched, and if any purpose was to be found in it, it must have been to satisfy your readers that there was a possibility, if not a reasonable supposition that the Ohio project would be adopted by the citizens of St. Albans. After my experience as related to you in my previous letters, wherein I attempted to satisfy you of the myth of a mill, and the total impossibility of ever operating one in your town, the issue of veracity is by you made direct.

You may think it both proper and profitable for yourselves to attempt to whitewash the structure into existence, and presume through the TRANSCRIPT to perpetuate this deception upon others which has been attempted upon myself, but I am assured in the end it will reflect no credit upon your paper nor the people where it is published. The cheat is too apparent to be practiced successfully upon any one, even though your State Parliament has dignified it with a charter.

But why should I care for paper-mills and the like at the present time, since I have become so well provided for. Other matters trouble me now far more than these things. Will the *Fenians* make a move? This is what I desire to know, and yet I do not think I should be satisfied with your reply if one could be obtained. I am satisfied that the TRANSCRIPT is not reliable in this business, any more than the other papers printed on the State's frontier. It seems to me that you have an object in shouting *Fenians* when there are none, and when they prepare to congregate you are silent. If examples are required you can find them in the raid made on Canada from St. Albans in 1866.

It was not until after the thousands of the *Fenians* had already concentrated their forces at St. Albans, that you concluded to mention the possibility of their purposes, and if information at such a time was valuable to your American readers it was not valuable to us in Canada. But the excitement in a suitable length of time died away, and when it was almost forgotten, your shout again was heard, the *Fenians*! Well, you had better keep it up, for "it is an ill wind that blows nobody good," and so far as I am concerned, it is my interest to have you sound the alarm occasionally—the *Fenians*: I am satisfied that the Mayor of St. Armand is of the same opinion, for in this business we make our money. If the people of Canada should believe that no attack would be made upon them by the Head-Centres and their followers, I should lose my situation with the mustering out of my regiment, and my friend at St. Armand would lose the opportunity to ration the soldiers at his station.

It is thought by the best judges of the situation, that your Presidential election will assist us, while contemplated movements in connection with it, will add intensity to the heat of the campaign. It is seldom that our interests are identical, and when they are discovered to be so, the milk of human kindness should freely nourish them. Adroit politicians will not miss an advantage, no matter how to be obtained, and if the *Fenians* can be used by them to accomplish their objects as many suppose they will be, they will be moved against the Dominion.

The people of the United States are a law abiding people, as the records of the nations of the earth will prove, and if at such a time Gen. Grant or others in authority proceed to execute the laws to prevent armed bodies of men from entering Canada, they must expect to enlist their vote with the opposition party. Can there be anything clearer than this? The *Fenian* excitement must be kept

alive somehow and the newspapers of your country can afford the greatest assistance.

The TRANSCRIPT must aid us in this, for if the excitement dies away I shall officially die away with it and unscrupulous politicians will not in such an event attain to positions of eminence.

To carry out this programme it will be necessary for the members of the Fenian organization to forget that they are citizens of the United States and are under obligations to observe the laws of your own country. This the press can assist them in doing, and it is one of the grandest designs which a newspaper can aid in its teachings. I hope you see the point, by encouraging outlawry and filibustering, you can materially aid myself.

BARTHOLOMEW ST. CLAIR,
Quartermaster of St. Johns.
St. Johns, Aug. 4, 1868.

Notice

ALL Persons indebted to Smith & Foster would do well to call and settle their accounts before the 1st day of September 1868. Owing to a change that is to be made in the firm at that time, the settlement of accounts now due would save costs and trouble if paid before that date.

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SMITH & FOSTER.
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St. Albans, Vt. May 12, 1868.
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Now, reader, self abuse, venereal diseases, badly cured, and sexual excesses, are all capable of producing a weakness of the generative organs. The organs of generation, when in perfect health, make the man. Did you ever think that those bold, defiant, energetic, persevering, successful business men are always those whose generative organs are in perfect health? You never hear such men complain of being melancholy, of nervousness, of palpitation of the heart. They are never afraid they cannot succeed in business; they do not become sad and discouraged; they are always polite and pleasant in the company of ladies, and look you and them right in the face—none of your downcast looks or any other mannerisms about them. I do not mean those inflated by running to excess, these will not only ruin their constitutions, but also those they do business with or for.

How many men, from badly cured diseases, from the effects of self-abuse and excesses, have brought about that state of weakness in those organs that has reduced the general system so much as to induce almost every other disease—rheumatism, paralysis, spinal disease, sciatica, and almost every other form of disease which humanity is heir to, and the real cause of the trouble scarcely ever suspected, and have doctored for all but the right one.

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